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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS;

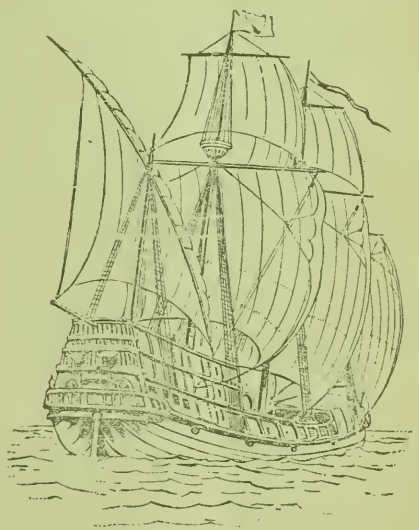
or,

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

An Historical Drama in Five Acts.

(WITH PROLOGUE.)

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1891, *by E. T. Byington, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.*



BY EDWARD TELFAIR BYINGTON.

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

E. T. BYINGTON & CO., PUBLISHERS, STEREOTYPERS AND ENGRAVERS.

1009 BROAD STREET.

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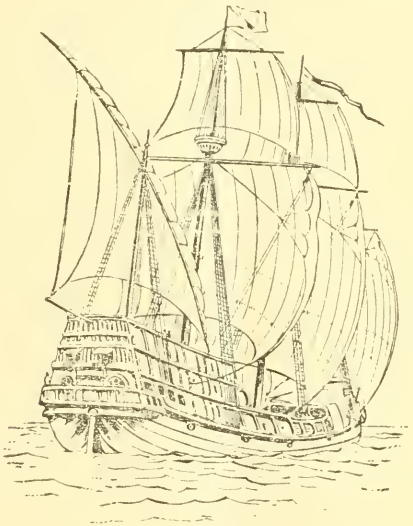

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(1892)

SYNOPSIS.

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I—Portugal's refusal to aid Colombo. The king's duplicity.

SCENE II—Colombo at the Andalusian convent.

SCENE III—The garden of roses. Leon and Philip, with songs.

SCENE IV—"This day shall he appear before the king and queen."

SCENE V—The appeal to the Spanish Sovereigns. "Thy proposition will I then refer to those most learned in the Spains"

ACT I.

SCENE I—At the palace gate. The cavalier's song. Love's ingenuity. "Thy reasoning's good, and I'll with Colombo sail."

SCENE II—Colombo's disappointment. The departure for France. Interested friends.

SCENE III—The Alhambra An appeal for Colombo. Queen Isabella finds a way to aid. "A queen unjewelled is no less a queen; the wife of Ferdindand no homage e'er will lack." The queen's jewels pledged. A ready messenger. "Take thou, thyself, command of my best ship—Santa Maria is it called—and may the blessed saint whose name in bears protect thee in its shelter."

ACT II.

SCENE I—The church of St George at Palos—The royal decree. The unwilling sailors.

SCENE II—The port of Palos. Preparations for the voyage. "The armament is complete and the squadron sails at the dawn of the morrow." Tableau—"The Departure."

ACT III.

SCENE I—On the high seas. The broken rudder. Consulting the charts. "To Canary Islands we must sail." Tableau—"Sunrise at sea." "I will the music make; dance merrily and make us think we are in Spain."

ACT IV.

SCENE 1—The calm at sea. Philip encourages Colombo. The dissatisfied crew. Panorama—The peak of Teneriffe in eruption "'Tis unto dangers such as this that this Colombo leads us." The compact with the king. Tableau—"The sailor's dream of Spain."

ACT V.

SCENE I—The deviation of the compass The disconcerted pilots. The mutinous crew. "I, on this vessel will be master." Signs of land. The Discovery. "Gloria in Excelsis Deo"

SCENE II—The landing. "In the name of the Spains, and by authority of our gracious sovereigns, I do take possession of this land and call its name San Salvador. Here on this lovely isle Spain's new domain we will establish. The true religion here will o'er these heathen spread its gentle sway."

TMP92-008780

Persons Represented.

CHRISTOFO COLOMBO, Admiral of the Castilian Sovereigns.

Joam II, King of Portugal.

Juan Perez de Marchena, Superior of the Franciscan Convent, La Rabida.

Martin Alonzo Pinzon, a noted mariner and captain of the caravel, "Pinta."

Ferdinand, King of Spain.

Isabella, Queen of Spain.

Ruiz, Roldan } Pilots of the Admiral's ships.

Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, Grand Cardinal of Spain.

Leon de Garcia, a peasant girl.

Philip de Castaneda, a young man in love and fond of the sea.

Cazadilla, Bishop of Ceuta.

Dom Pedro de Meneses, Count of Villa Real.

Rodrigo, Joseph } Cosmographers.

Pedro Gutierez, a gentleman of the King's bed chamber.

Rodrigo Sanchez, a sailor.

Rui Garcia, a sailor.

Louis de St. Angel, receiver of the ecclesiastical revenues of Arragon.

Alonzo de Quintanilla, comptroller of the finances of Castile.

Dona Beatrix de Bobadilla, Marchioness of Moya.

Dona Mercedes, a ward of the Marchioness.

Don Lorenzo de Bobadilla, a nephew of the Marchioness

Sailors, Cavaliers, Pages, Courtguards, Indians, Court-ladies and gentlemen, Peasants, etc.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS,

—or,—

The Discovery of America.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA, IN SEVEN ACTS.

(*WITH PROLOGUE*)

PROLOGUE.

SCENE I.—*Court chamber in the summer residence of* KING JOAM II, *of Portugal, at Ramalhao. Appropriate furnishings. King seated on throne c; table r. c., around which is gathered a junto of nautical and scientific men, composed of* RODERIGO *and* JOSEPH *cosmographers;* DOM PEDRO DE MENESES, *Count of Villa Real, and* DEIGO ORITZ DE CAZADILLA, *Bishop of Ceuta, and who is also the King's confessor. The junto, having about concluded the consideration of the request of* CHRISTOFO COLOMBO *for Portugal's aid in prosecuting his proposed voyage of discovery, are ready to report to the King. As the curtain rises they are seen examining a chart which lies on the table in front of them. All are seated with the exception of* CAZADILLA, *who turns and addresses the King.*

CAZADILLA, BISHOP OF CEUTA—(*Addressing the King*) Most Gracious Majesty, thy servants whom thou did'st appoint to divine the probability of the existence of lands as yet unknown, have done thy bidding and are ready with deductions of the theory of Columbo, who seeks they royal aid and approbation in a voyage of discovery.

THE KING—And what then are thy deductions? Proceed with their submission.

CAZADILLA.—Most Gracious Majesty, with earnestness, and with due dilligence that behooves the prosecution and accomplishment of all thy wishes and commands, thy servants have investigated the theory of land to the Westward, advanced by Columbo, the chartmaker, and its untenableness. apparent from the beginning, only suffered with the progress, examination and discussion. Patient research and the solicitude thy subjects feel in Portugal's advancement, and the acquirement of new and undiscovered domains, have been manifest in our labors, and no scientific or nautical knowledge possessed by us has been spared in the examination of a theory, which is empty, and but the product of a visionary brain. The idea is but from the predictions of Seneca, Aristotle, Pliny, and others of the olden time, and the attempt to render certain that which is conjectural, and practical that which is problematical, is an undertaking against which we commend the withholding of thy royal patronage. Such, Gracious Majesty, do we opine with high appreciation of thy favor and

the honor with which our labors have beset us. So far at variance am I with these efforts at discovery that much would it please me were even further prosecution of our African discoveries abandoned. Such enterprises tend to distract attention, drain resources and divide the power of the nation, already too much weakened by recent war and pestilence. While the Kingdom's forces are scattered abroad on remote and unprofitable expeditions, the country is exposed to attack from our active enemy, the King of Castile. The greatest monarchs do not arise so much from wide extent of domain as from the wisdom and ability with which they conduct affairs of state. In our realm it would be madness to launch into enterprises without first considering them in connection with our means. The King, hath in hand already sufficient undertakings of certain advantage without beginning others of a wild, chimerical nature. If he wishes employment for the active valor of the nation, the war in which he is engaged against the Moors of Barbary is sufficient wherein his triumphs will be of solid advantage, tending to cripple and enfeeble those neighboring foes who have proved themselves so dangerous when posessed of power.

DON PEDRO.—Pardon, Gracious Majesty, but I do dissent from these conclusions of the Holy Father and others of the junto. Portugal is not now in its infancy nor are its princes yet so steeped in poverty as to lack the means to engage in new discoveries. Even granting that those proposed by Colombo are conjectural, why should we abandon those which were commenced by our late Prince Henry on such solid foundation and prosecuted with such happy prospects? Crowns enrich themselves by commerce, fortify themselves by alliance and acquire empires by conquest. The views of the nation cannot always be the same; they extend with its opulence and prosperity Portugal is at peace with all the princes of Europe. It has nothing to fear from engaging in an extensive enterprise. It would be the greatest glory for Portugese valor, to penetrate into the secrets and the horrors of the ocean sea, so formidable to the other nations of the world. Thus occupied, it would escape the idleness engendered in a long interval of peace—idleness, that source of vice, that silent file, which, little by little, wears away the strength and valor of a nation. It is an effront to the Portugese name to menace it with imaginary perils, when it has proved itself so intrepid in encountering those which were most certain and tremendous. Great souls are formed for great enterprises! I wonder much that a prelate, so religious as the Bishop of Ceuta, should oppose the undertaking, the ultimate object of which is to augment the Catholic faith and spread it from pole to pole, reflecting glory on the Portugese nation and yielding empire and lasting fame to its princes.

THE KING.—Thou dost then believe, with Colombo in the existence of another world beyond the seas, and in the possibility of discovery of a western way to India?

DON PEDRO.—Yea, Your Majesty, even unto the assurance that if not made manifest within the period of thy reigning, daring and ambitious navigators of the future era, will seek and find rich domains to the westward. For many years and arduously have I sought to reconcile the speculations that the habitable world is encompassed about by uneding waters—that the Mighty Ruler of the Universe is content with the creations of which we know, and that His glory has been satisfied by these Consider, Most Gracious Majesty, the results which might accrue from achievements so grand as the discovery of another world—new lands, new climes, greater commerce and profiting and pleasant intercourse with mankind of another race Consider, too, the glory of beloved Portugal in the accomplishment of so grand an undertaking, and hearken unto the pleading of Colombo. Forget not the Azores, and Madeira, and the accident of their acquirement; and, if these discoveries have been the result of chance or accident rather than of design, remember what might come of contemplation and a well-planned voyage.

THE KING.—Most loyal subjects, regretful indeed am I, that a theory so apparently filled with promise for Portugal's welfare and glory should prove to you impracticable. With much impress did I, however, hear the words of the Count of Villa Real, and with him agree that our African enterprises shall be vigorously continued. Of Colombo's theories, I will yet consider, and I bid thee give him direction to wait with patience until such time as final answer shall be given him. (*Exit Junto, with the exception of the Bishop of Cueta.*)

THE BISHOP.—Gracious Majesty, observing that thou still dost manifest an inclination to Colombo's theory, further conference with thee I do implore.

THE KING—And what wouldst thou Holy Father.

THE BISHOP—Further consideration sayst thou that thoult give unto plans of this Colombo?

THE KING—Aye, Father; the project one of import is. So heavily upon me doth it weigh that loath am I to cast it off without due meditation.

THE BISHOP—Thinkest thou that well it would be the dignity of the crown to commit by formal negotiations concerning that which might a mere chimera prove?

THE KING—I have but said that of Colombo's theories I will yet consider. When this much hath been disposed of, and not until that time, the matter of the King's compact with him, may claim attention.

THE BISHOP—Aye, then, now that Colombo hath been given word to bide his time for final answer, why may not some strategy solve the theory and secure without negotiation all of its advantages?

THE KING—Advantages—without negotiation? In riddles, Holy Father, dost thou seem to talk. Speak the thoughts that in thy mind do rest.

THE BISHOP—Then listen gracious King. Why may he not in suspense be kept while a vessel of thine own be secretly dispatched by the course he may point out and thus find whether there be reason for the theory.

THE KING—Thou makest bold Holy Father to suggest a strategem which thou knowest is inconsistent with the King's ideas of justice.

THE BISHOP—Nay, nay my King, the ocean sea is free to man to rove as God's own air is free to him to breathe. Thou hast at thy command the means its mysteries to fathom. Colombo hath a theory without thy ships. Thou hath the ships—thou hath his theory. To use them in conjunction would be for Portugal's glory and renown.

THE KING—Thinkest thou the end doth warrant means like unto these. Wrong and most unjust doth such a plain appear.

THE BISHOP—'Tis his misfortune that no ships nor means are his. Must Portugal on this account waive chance of finding other worlds and art thou blind to why I sought to cause the junto adverse views to give? Deep have I into all his theories delved and proof convincing found I in them. Mark well my words, no fool is this Colombo and thoult live to find it out.

THE KING—No tongue can say thou art not plain of speech. And thou canst to keep counsel with thyself?

THE BISHOP—All secrets that concern the crown are safe with me. In the confessional full oft have I been tested and none can say unfaithful I have been unto the trust.

THE KING—Then with thee into secret compact will I enter, and confess that thoughts like thine already filled my mind. Require, therefore, that Colombo doth furnish thee with all his charts and detailed plans of the voyage he proposes, and all his documents according to which he intends to shape his course. These being procured, dispatch a caravel, ostensibly with provisions for the Cape Verde islands, but with private instructions to pursue the designated course. Go thou at once to Roderigo, the cosmographer, and bid him to the royal presence come at this same hour to-morrow. And look ye to it that this conference be not known to others than to thee and me. (*Exit Bishop. The King descends the throne.*) Colombo reasoneth well. There must be other lands than these! The glory of their discovery must be mine! (*Exit King*)

SCENE II—*Exterior of Francison convent in Andalusia, devotions are supposed to be in progress inside, monks are heard singing, with organ accompaniment. As the services close, enter Colombo and his little son, Diego.*

COLOMBO.—'Tis weary journeying so long with tender feet like thine, Diego. E'en I, inured to hardship and to toil, doth feel well worn from all those leagues we've walked. But keep thy courage yet a little while. It must be we are near our journey's end.

DIEGO.—'Tis not so weary that I am, my father, but so hungry and athirst am I

COLOMBO —A holy father toward us wends his footsteps. Sit thee down here, while I seek speech with him, and effort make for thee refreshment to obtain.

Enter Juan Perez de Marchena with head bowed and apparently in deep meditation. As he is about to enter convent gate, his attention is attracted to Colombo, who speaks.

Good morrow, holy father!

MARCHENA —Good morrow, friend! The blessing of the saints upon thee rest.

COLOMBO —And upon thee, father. Abidest thou within the convent here?

MARCHENA.—Of it I am prior, senor. Can I some service render thee?

(*Enter porter from convent*)

COLOMBO.—Not for myself, but for my child, Diego, thy hospitality I would entreat. A distance great we've come; hunger and thirst are added to his weariness. Bread for him and water would I ask.

MARCHENA —(*to porter*) Pedro, bring hither refreshment for the child. (*exit porter*) Pleasure doth it give me to supply his needs. From what direction camest thou?

COLOMBO —From Cordova have we come, and toward Huelva do we travel, there to seek my kinsman, Pedro Correa.

MARCHENA —Pedro Correa. Well-known is he to me, and by the common tongue he is credit given as one who knows the seas, and is a sailor of much daring.

COLOMBO —The same, and hence I seek, him for matters of his calling have put us on the way to Huelva. How far away yet doth it lie, good father?

MARCHENA.—Palos de Moguer is but a league away. When there thou hast arrived another league by sail will land thee at the island of Huelva. (*Enter porter with refreshments and gives to Diego who sits upon the ground eating*) MARCHENA (*continuing*) The nearness of the convent to the port hath given me some acquaintance with the people there, and, too, some knowledge of the seas. Thy kinsman much my interest hath awakened many times. I reason from thy speech that thou, too hast a liking for the ocean sea.

COLOMBO.—Aye, father, long have I sought its mysteries to divine. It long hath been my theory, that lands to us unknown lie westward and their discovery may be made be sailing in that course.

MARCHENA —Keenly dost thou now my interest sharpen, friend. More would I learn of thee and thy strange thoughts. Thy name?

COLOMBO —'Tis Christofo Colombo.

MARCHENA.—Christofo Colombo! I once did know an admiral of that name, who did good service in the southern wars Art thou the same?

COLOMBO.—Not so, good frair, but the admiral whose name I bear was of my blood, and often have I sailed with him.

MARCHENA —What then art thy profession, senor?

COLOMBO.—An humble chartmaker am I, seeking as best I can to do the will of God through precepts taught me by our Holy church. Study deep hath formed for me my theory of other lands, and with the knowledge that such lands exist there comes a thought that I alone must find them. I feel myself as standing in the hand of Heaven, chosen for the doing of its purposes proclaimed in Holy Writ, to bring earth's ends together and unite all nations and all tongues beneath the banners on our blessed cross

MARHENA.—Blessings upon thee rest! Hast thou ne'er made a venture westward, senor?

COLOMBO.—Nay. I have no ships nor seamen to command. The aid of Portugal I sought in vain and with our spanish sovereigns all of my appeal hath been of no avail. In sorrow I am leaving spain to seek assistance at the court of France.

MARCHENA.—Much interest doth thy speech awaken, senor. More would I see and know of thee. Thou, and thy child, aweary seem. Abide within until thou resteth; mayhap, I can of service be to thee. Regretful am I thou art leaving Spain for lack of favor with the crown. The queen's confessor once was I, and with her influence yet may have. It may please God through that, that I can service render unto thee.

COLOMBO—I thank thee, Father! Though in haste am I, my journey to persue, 'twill pleasure give me to unfold to thee my plans, and reasons give thee for my faith in their fulfillment. Diego, come. (*Exit all into the convent*)

SCENE III.—(*Tropical garden. cottage with vines to right, overlooking Port of Palos. Leon, a girl, is seen in garden plucking flowers*)

LEON—Lovely flowers in such profusion as is seldom seen at this waning season. So many colors, blending from rich hues to delicate tints of pink and cream, and even into leaves of snowy whiteness How beautiful they are, and (*smiling in exstacy as she plucks a rose*) oh, this lovely bud!

(*Seats herself and drops other flowers in her lap. Holds the bud in her hand and plucks away superfluous leaves. Enter Philip, unnoticed at R, rear*)

I will give it unto Philip when he comes again—Philip, so brave, so generous and so noble, and (*toys with and arranges other flowers*) in giving it to him—if he over comes again—I will do so in such spirit as though the perfume of each tender petal should be beladen with the fervent love my lips dare not acknowledge. What happiness came to me when last we met and he did speak his heart; but, try as I might I could not say I loved him then, and yet the poet says:

> 'This bud of love, by Summer's ripening breath,
> May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet."

When next we meet! Who knows? But if (*Neglecting her flowers and dropping into deep reflection*) if he should not come again! So coldly were his protestations heard, so indifferent did I appear, in such seeming unkindness did I permit our parting. Oh, if he should never come again!

PHILIP—(*With mandolin hung about his shoulder*) Leon, my love!

LEON—(*She rises quickly and looking around sees him*) Philip! Oh, thou affrighted me!

PHILIP—Affrighted thee, my love? I would not for this world, nor for that one which Colombo is ambitious to discover.

LEON—But thou didst affright me, just this moment. I thought thee far away, and dreamt not thou couldst be so near.

PHILIP—Well, loved one, 'twas but yesterday thou didst affright me. By cold demeanor and the indifference thou didst fain, thou forced me unto the belief that thou couldst ne'er return my love. And sad was I; but, all was turned to joy, when, but a moment since, I played without intent, the role of one who stands beneath the eves and listened to thy words. (*Leon drops her head in embarrassment*)

LEON—'Twas cruel of thee, Philip; and yet, now that thou my secret hath discovered, I'll none of it retract.

PHILIP—(*Embraces Leon.*) How happy thou hast made me.

LEON—(*Struggling away from him*) There, there; thou must not serve me so. Be seated here. Thou spokest of one Colombo. Whom may he be? Pray tell me. Some new-made friend, I'll warrant; since thou sayst he hath discovery in his brain.

PHILIP—Thou shouldst not so deride me, Leon. True it is that often-times I've sailed from Palos here, but ne'er yet have I an anchor weighed without the hope of finding in some hidden corner of the sea what I ne'er have found on land—a fortune, that with my hand would I have offered unto thee.

LEON—Forgive me, Philip. I meant it not to wound thee; but thy well-known liking for the sea caused me to think him some congenial spirit. But, tell me pray who this Colombo is?

PHILIP—Hast thou ne'er heard of Christofo Colombo? He who at Rabida doth now abide and hopeth new worlds soon to find.

LEON—Ne'er have I Philip. Thinketh he that other lands than these we know of do exist?

PHILIP—Truly, such is his uncommon thought, and more: he seeks to go in search of them.

LEON—Perhaps the man may be unsound of mind—a poor misguided soul, deserving of our pity.

PILIP—Not so, Leon! This strange man's theories are not without foundation. With reason doth he say the ocean sea must have a western shore and that he hopes to find it.

LEON—Where didst thou meet him, Philip.

PHILIP—Why, at the convent Rabida, where the good frair, Juan Perez, and Martin Alonzo Pinzon, the navigator, and others show much interest in him.

LEON.—Whence came he to La Rabida.

PHILIP.—Woman thou art, and wouldst know all there is to know. Listen: I will tell thee: By name the man is known as Christofo Colombo, a native of Genoa, Italy. For many years in Portugal he did reside and while there, wooed and won the daughter of Barthlomeo Monis de Palestrello, an Italian cavalier, and who had been a seaman of much note. Charts, journals, and the legends of the sea he had for many years obtained, which at his death his wife gave to Colombo to aid him in his work. Thus he, his knowledge of the sea obtained, and soon became much noted for his skill.

LEON —What then doth bring him here to Palos, Philip?

PHILIP.—Not many years ago his good wife died, leaving one child, whose name they called Deigo. 'Twas shortly after this deep grief had fallen upon him, that Colombo's theories of other lands were fully formed He sought the King of Portugal and asked for aid in carrying out his plans, but the King by unfair means came into knowledge of his course of sailing and held Colombo in suspense, while he in secret sent a vessel on its way to find what truth there might be in his theory. But heaven, which gave this knowledge to Colombo protected him from treachery of the King, whose emissaries, met by heavy winds, could not traverse the stormy waste of waters and without success returned.

LEON.—Thou dost astound me, Philip.

PHILIP.—And yet, 'tis all too true. Incensed by this duplicity of the King, Colombo left the court of Portugal and came to Spain, where before the King and Queen he plead again for help and was again denied. Then he turned toward France, and on his way, stopped at the Franciscan convent, Rabida, to ask refreshment for his son While lingering there the prior of the convent chanced to pass, and, impressioned with Colombo's lofty mein, sought speech with him. That converse won the friendship of the frair to whom Colombo all his theories unfolded His interest was great awakened, and when he found Colombo would abandon Spain and seek for favor at the court of France, he realized what thus the Spains would lose. He kept Colombo as his guest and won for him the interest of Martin Pinzon and his brothers. The frair hath gone to seek the Spanish sovereigns and ask of them another audience for the man.

LEON—And is there hope that favor he may yet obtain?

PHILIP—The frair hath been confessor to the queen and with much interest she listeneth to all his words. I know not what success the holy man may meet but if Colombo sail I, too, will go with him.

LEON—(*Coyly*) How gallant and how daring art thou, Philip! And wouldst thou leave—thy friends, and sail with frail craft into unknown seas? And (*with concern*) if thou shouldst be lost and not return?

PHILIP—(*Teasing*) Should I be lost how then could I return? But trust to for that. Should the ship go down, the nearest whale—

LEON—Mighst swallow you—

PHILIP—As one once swallowed Jonah.

LEON—Oh, Philip.

PHILIP—And thus I safe may come to land again. But enough of contemplation sad questioning and of possibilities like these. Thou knowest that I shall

with Colombo share the thought that he will find new worlds. Omnipotent direction will attend his path. King Joam of his infidelity will one day deep repent, and all men will give honor to Colombo's name.

LEON—Be not now so intense in thy concern, my Philip. I honor thee for thy admiration of Colombo; and, though I know him not, with thee I share it. Now let us think of matters less perplexing. Thou hast thy mandolin and thou knowest with what delight I listen to thy song.

PHILIP—And I to thine. Thou wouldst not that I shouldst sing alone. Thy mandolin is there. (*Points to Leon's mandolin which has been left leaning on the door sill.*)

LEON—How gladly do I blend my song with thine. (*Takes up mandolin*)

PHILIP—And may its harmony a forecast be of our united lives and loves for one another. (*Music of the 15th Century—Portugese duett, with mandolin accompaniment. Exit into Cottage or off*)

SCENE IV.—(*Street in City of Cordova. Enter Fernando de Talavera, prior of the Convent of Prado and confessor to Queen Isabella and Alonzo de Quintanilla, comptroller of the finances of Castile*)

ALONZO—It doth appear, good brother, as though this battling with the Moor will never end. In years 'tis now quite five, since Muley Aben Hassan made attack upon the fortress of Zahara and since that time the Christian arms have had no rest from war against the Moslem Kings.

FERNANDO—Aye, father; true but God is good. 'Tis for his glory that this war is waged and in His mercy He must will when it shall cease. I, like our good archbishop and our gracious sovereigns, ne'er will feel that Christians have unto the faith been true while followers of the impostor of Mecca yet within a Christian land remain.

ALONZO—Nay, nor I! And great and glorious is the way in which our sovereigns have prepared to open in Cordova here another year's campaign of this eventful war.

FERNANDO—And each day bringeth with it the arrival of more arms and with them too some cavalier of note, escorted by his vassals and retainers. The court appear eth like a military camp. All in confusion of preparing for the onslaught, and every avenue is crowded by war-like cavaliers who have distinction in this Moorish war attained.

ALONZO—A time I fear most unpropitious for Colombo, e'en to submit his plans, much less appeal to make for aid unto our sovereigns.

FERNANDO—True, true, good brother! But thou sayst thou dost *fear* the time is unpropitious Dost thou join aught of import with this man's visionary dreams?

ALONZO—Since first came he to Cordova, my roof hath been his shelter and my meat and drink his nourishment. Much opportunity, therefore, had I to fathom both his heart and mind, and found in him a Christian true and earnest. Poor indeed is he, and few the doblas he receiyes for making maps. I *fear* also, thou dost not know him well. And yet thou wilt, as thou didst promise, secure for him an audience with our sovereigns?

FERNANDO—Aye, brother! Already hath that matter been attended to and e'en now draweth nigh the hour when he shall know his fate. When first came he to Cordova, he brought with him a letter from our brother Juan Perez de Marchena, beseeching that I, confessor to the queen, should gain for him a hearing by our sovereigns. To grant my holy brother favor, I could not refuse and while 'tis many months Colombo hath awaited here his time and chance, the hour hath come when now his patience will receive reward. This day shall he appear before the king and queen. (*Exit*)

SCENE V.—(*Court chamber of the Spanish sovereigns at Cordova. Ferdinand and Isabella on throne. Attendants, etc.*

PAGE—Your Majesty, his holiness Grand Cardinal Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, an audience seeks.

KING FERDINAND—Acquaint him that the King awaits his coming. (*Exit Page Enter Grand Cardinal*)

CARDINAL—(*Saluting the king*) Your Majesty! (*Saluting the Queen*) Our Gracious Queen! With unfeigned pleasure do I, with thy generous permit, acquaint thee that I have with my brother, Alonzo de Quintanilla, had with Christofo Colombo more communication, and am impressioned by his theory of other lands. Of thee I would beseech for him an audience that in detail Colombo may his thought make plain to thee and thus obtain thy favor.

THE KING—Knowest thou not, holy father, that our time and means are all employed in conquest of our foes and that to heed the propositions of this man would be most inexpedient?

CARDINAL—Aye, your majesty, well do I know the weightiness of problems which do now confront us; nor do I yet forget those undertakings, which as Christians, now devolve upon us. But much interest do I feel in this Colombo's theories of other lands and motives which impel their prosecution.

ISABELLA—What thought hath he concerning other lands, good father, and what the motives of which thou hast spoken?

CARDINAL—The man doth feel himself an instrument of God to enlighten the benighted souls of men who dwell in lands which lieth to the westward.

ISABELLA—He thinketh then a race of men exist who knoweth not the blessings of the cross?

CARDINAL—Aye, gracious queen, and one of thy marked purity of heart and deep concern for souls of men, need but to hear his reasoning to share with him belief in such a theory.

ISABELLA—Most surely can no evil come of hearing what this strange man hath to say. (*to the king*) If thy majesty no reason hath why he should be refused, may he not now be heard?

FERDINAND—If such then be thy wish, the holy father's interession shall be granted.

CARDINAL—I thank your gracious majesties. I certain felt before I spoke, that thy kind hearts wouldst not refuse me. Without the palace they await thy summons.

FERDINAND—(*To page*) Admit unto the royal presence the holy father and his companion! (*Enter Juan, Colombo and Diego and are hurriedly greeted by the cardinal, who turns to the sovereigns and says*)

CARDINAL—These, Your Majesties, are they in whose behalf I spoke.

FERDINAND—And this is the Colombo of whom so much is spoken; who thinkest he can find strange lands which are unknown to others. Pray, who art thou that thou shouldst have such wisdom given thee to compass all the seas? What strange infatuation leadeth thee? Speak! and, if thou canst, the reason give for thy presumptuous thoughts.

COLOMBO—Sire, stripped of all but he whom life held dear, and with profoundest thought on why I still remained, when all I loved had gone, I turned my brain to sober themes and study. I thought of how in ancient times a prince of India had sent to Rome, and did entreat for doctors of our holy faith to instruct him in the same, and that his prayer had been refused. Since all those years no message more has come from them, and what has been their fate no man can tell. Perchance they all are lost; perchance a glorious kingdom may be theirs. Certain is it the blessed precepts of our holy faith are yet unknown to them. The way o'er land is rugged, long and wild, and many dangers must beset the ones who dare attempt to cross the mountains and the deserts. By sea, an easier path may be discovered. I have considered patiently the charts, and with the utmost care have pondered all the dangers. Thou hast an ample fleet at thy command, and knowest the Spains would easy conquest make in foreign ports. To thus obtain an access to the India lands would give thee greater domain and point these heathen to our blessed Cross.

FERDINAND—Thou speakest with wisdom's words, and if what thou sayest be true, there's merit in thy undertaking. Proceed with the unfolding of thy thoughts.

COLOMBO—I have with utmost care prepared a reckoning of the cost. First, must be three ships, well manned, with armament sufficient to secure for them protection. Then provisions for the crews to last three months or more.

Abundant stuffs for making over sails, and then such garments as befit the emissaries of the Spains. When land is found and we are safe upon its shores, first will I plant the blessed Cross. Then in the name of you, my sovereigns, a quick possession I will take. All diligence will I use to make a friendly treaty, but if I fail in that, possession still will I secure for Spain.

FERDINAND—Thou speakest with full confidence in thyself. If thou couldst execute as brave as thou canst talk, the way would clearer be before thee.

COLOMBO—Aye, my King, but from conviction do I speak. There's that within me which assures me of success, can I but gain your favor and assistance.

ISABELLA—What reasoning senor guideth thee to think the earth is round and thou canst reach the east of India by sailing toward the west?

COLOMBO—An influence greater and more powerful than any known to earth impels my thought. Deep study have I given to geographic theories of ancient men. Discoveries of the moderns and the science of the heavens have my devout attention also claimed. I oft have sailed the ocean seas and sought their mysteries to comprehend. From all these years of study and experience tis my belief the earth is round, not flat. It is a globe which may be travelled round from east to west and men stand foot to foot when on opposing points.

FERDINAND—How sayst thou, senor?

COLOMBO—Thou wouldst ask, as many more hath done, why those who stand with feet to us fall not toward the sky. Thoust seen the feather from the soaring falcon's wing fall softly toward the earth? Why fluttered it not away toward the heavens? These are God's own mysteries, my King, and in his time, will He to us reveal them.

FERDINAND—Thou much dost entertain me, senor, with thy words. What more?

COLOMBO—I have divided, in accord with Ptolemy, the earth's circumference from East to West At the equator each of fifteen degrees composed are hours twenty-four, which make degrees three hundred and sixty. I know by study and comparison of maps, that fifteen hours were known unto the ancients, extending from Canary Islands to Thinæ, in Asia—the breadth of the then known world. The Portugese advanced the western time one hour more when they discovered the Azores and Cape Verde islands; thus thou seest about eight hours or quite one-third circumference of the earth is yet unknown to us.

FERDINAND.—Continue, senor, I listen with deep interest to thy words. Thinkest thou that thou canst add these remaining hours by sailing toward the west? And how? I bid thee tell me.

COLOMBO—By sailing from the East to West, one must arrive in time at eastern regions of Asia, and may discover interveneing lands. Thou knowest 'twas the thought of Aristotle, Seneica, Pliny and Strabo, that the ocean sea was of but moderate breadth and one might pass from Cadiz, westward to the Indies in short time It needs but one who hath the nerve and means where-with to aid him, this light task to accomplish. 'Tis little that I ask of thee, my sovereigns. 'Tis great would be the glory should God's hand lead me in safety, as the bearer of the blessed cross to heathen on some shore unknown to us.

FERDINAND—Thou causest me to ponder with serious thoughts, thy words.

ISABELLA.—And, I, Senor, much confidence feel in thy plans.

FERDINAND.—Aye, interest is awakened in thy dreams. And yet there's naught that I can do, thy enterprise to forward, till time to think hath been allowed. Thy proposition will I then refer to those most learned in the Spains. If in their minds thy theory find favor the means to prosecute thy plans, the crown may furnish.

COLOMBO.—Much pleasure doth it give me, my king and queen, to have my theory find favor in thine eyes. Of all the confidence that thou in me reposeth, I'll worthy prove myself. No idle dream my fancy claims, and heaven will grant to me fruition for my hopes.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—(*Entrance to Court of Lions. Enter Lorenzo, R. with guitar, plays and sings (as if serenading) "La Paloma." Mercedes comes from palace.*

LORENZO.—I thought thy gentle heart wouldst not refuse to grant to me a moment of thy presence.

MERCEDES. Thou speakest true, Lorenzo. It was indeed my heart and not the dictates of my conscience that I listened to, when to mine ear the sweet notes of thy music by the evening breeze were borne.

LORENZO—Speak not of conscience, loved one. Hearts pure as thine are safe in their own innocence. Follow then the dictates of thine own, and conscience will small reason have to give thee pain. But what hast thou to tell me? How farest thou, and doth my aunt, the Lady Marchioness, with her disfavor yet regard me?

MERCEDES—Ah, Lorenzo! Well dost thou know thy aunt with no disfavor doth regard thee. Her every thought is but for thee and thy well being.

LORENZO—So doth she say to me, and yet, she will refuse to listen when I ask of her thy hand. Much land and gold have I; no youth in Spain can boast a prouder name and yet, because, forsooth, I sometimes wend my way to other lands and sail the ocean sea, she will naught of her favor grant to me.

MERCEDES—Ah, Lorenzo, well thou knowest thy aunt, and others too, look on thee as a rover. Thou knowest too, that since my mother died and left me to her care, a more than mother she hath been to me. The love she hath for thee and me, and what she deemeth duty to the dead, doth make her careful unto morbidness. But, dear one, since thy roving nature hath for thee won her displeasure, what if through that thou shouldst gain her favor yet?

LORENZO—Through roving more, gain favor of my aunt, thy guardian? Thou speakest in riddles, Mercedes!

MERCEDES—And yet not so much as it seemeth. Thou knowest Christofo Colombo?

LORENZO—Aye, and with him share his hope of finding other lands But what of this?

MERCEDES—That thou shouldst sail with him and help him these new lands to find.

LORENZO—And leave thee, Mercedes! Wouldst thou deprive me even of sight of thee? My aunt, herself, would not so cruel be!

MERCEDES—Nay, Lorenzo, I am not cruel unto thee, but to myself. New scenes, new interests, new excitement will make the hours all pleasant pass for thee, while I, in loneliness, will wait thy coming. But if the sacrifice be great that we must make, e'en greater happiness will thy safe return succeed. E'en shouldst thou fail new lands to find, the effort would thy earnestness and courage prove.

LORENZO—Forgive me, Mercedes, wisdom lies in all thou sayest. Thy reasoning's good, and I will with Colombo sail.

MERCEDES—'Tis well, Lorenzo, but careful be that none may think 'twas my suggestion thou dost follow. As if 'twere thine own thought it so must seem.

LORENZO—As always, thou art right, my Mercedes, and on the early morn I will avow my mind to join my fortunes with Colombo's.

MERCEDES—Thy aunt, the morrow spendeth with with the Queen, as so do I. I now must leave Lorenzo, but on the morrow with them I will meet thee in the palace. The hours grows late and now farewell.

LORENZO—Farewell, loved one, until the morrow comes. Go, dream sweet dreams and wake to find them true. (*Mercedes enters house, while Lorenzo watches her and when she disappears from view, Exit Lorenzo picking guitar.*)

SCENE II.—(*Street scene in Santa Fe, showing the plain of Granada and the Alhambra in the distance. Enter Juan Perez de Marchena and St. Angel L.*

ST. ANGEL—Thou dost astound me, father; thou sayst the king and queen hath to Colombo now refused their favor?

MARCHENA—Aye, senor, though it gives me pain to speak the word, their majesties have to the Salamancan council listened, and from Colombo will their aid withold.

ST. ANGEL—And yet, 'tis said that justice under Spanish skies is ruler. For seven years hath this Colombo waited, hoping, and not without encouragement, to sail the unknown seas beneath the Spanish standard. And yet, because, forsooth, some men, whose minds can better grasp the books that other men have written than compass the handiwork of the Infinite One, have th ught no lands beyond the sea doth lie, Spain's sovereigns will refuse the means to add now worlds to their domain. Is't naught that thou canst yet do, Holy Father, to change their royal will?

MARCHENA—In all these seven years thou speakest of, senor, no effort have I spared to win the royal for this enterprise. Believing, as I do, new lands will be discovered, and that our holy faith is yet unknown to its inhabitants, many's the time I've said it to our king and queen, till now I fear they would no longer listen. And then the time is short. At early dawn to-morrow Colombo will depart to seek the court of France and in his behalf endeavor the interest of the king to waken.

ST. ANGEL—Colombo seek the Court of France and France reap all the honor of discovery of other lands? Nay, nay! It must not be. Come with me, Father. To the king and queen we'll go, and our best efforts make to save this glory to the Spains. Alonzo de Quintanilla we will ask to come with us and add his influence to our cause. At dawn to-morrow doth Colombo think to leave? E'er dawn a means we must devise to keep him here. (*Exit*)

SCENE III—(*Apartments of the Queen, in the Alhambra. Arch doorway showing apartments of the King who is seen at table writing*) *Queen and Marchioness are seated sewing. Time, morning.*)

ISABELLA—Surely 'tis pleasant, daughter Marchioness, now the war is ended with the Moors, to sit with thee again in quietness. To drive these heathen from our land and plant the cross upon their mosques was great achievement, and none do I regret my portion in the act; but even a queen is yet a woman, and gladly turns from war and public strife to the sweet comforts of a home.

MARCHIONESS—Th ou speakest true, my Queen, and yet it seemeth strange, e'en unto me, who knoweth thee so well, that thou shouldst keep thy woman's heart midst all the cares and terrors that in recent years have compassed thee. To see thee in the Kingdom's councils, or making ready for the war, one scarce could think of thee in such house-wifely tasks engaged as now thy fingers occupy. And strange indeed it seemeth that thy little hands can, with a pen, write deeds to half the Kingdom; then with such skill can fashion with thy needle for his majesty, King Ferdinand, a shirt.

ISABELLA—Aye, Marchioness, the God above, who hath created me a queen, and laid upon me charge of the affairs of state, that self-same God hath also made me wife and mother, and given me heart to love such tasks as fall to wives and mothers to discharge. Affairs of state my thought and strict attention often claim; but when my duty to my subject's done, then to my Ferdinand I such reverence can give as doth become a queen to give her king—a wife to give her lord. (*Enter Mercedes a ward of the Marchioness*)

MERCEDES—Your majesty, good morrow, and my dear god-mother here! I trust thy converse I do not disturb.

ISABELLA—Not so indeed, my child! Thy presence is most gladly welcomed The jasmine flower, that bloometh near the palace at Cordova, could not be fresher, sweeter in its loveliness, than thou art in thy youth and innocence. The morning air hath brought fresh roses to thy cheeks. Hast thou a walk been taking?

MERCEDES—Aye, your Majesty and with Lorenzo, who desireth speech with thee, in reference to Christofo Colombo. He even now, thy pleasure doth await.

ICABELLA—Then, bid him enter now. (*Exit Mercedes L Enter page R*)

PAGE—Your Majesty, Senor Luis de St. Angel, Fray Juan Perez de Marchena and Senor Alonzo de Quintanilla await without, and audience with thee entreat.

ISABELLA—And at this early hour? Surely some mission of great import must be theirs! Admit them now unto the royal presence. (*Exit Page, Marchioness de Moya rises as if she would leave the room*)

Nay, daughter Marchioness, remain with me. These gentlemen no tidings bear that in thy presence may not be delivered. (*Enter Lorenzo and Mercedes*)

LORENZO—(*Bowing to the queen and Marchioness*) Your Majesty, and thou, the Lady Marchioness, to both of thee, good morrow! Thy gracious pardon, I entreat that at this early hour I thus thy royal presence seek.

ISABELLA—'Tis true too early, senor, but, since others wait without, whom even now a page conducteth to our presence, if thou hast aught of private import, speak thy now thought without delay.

LORENZO—Your Majesty, I did but come to volunteer my services in aid of Christofo Colombo, when 'neath the Spanish standard he maketh sail for these new lands he hopes to find Could I serve him your Majesty and Spain, 'twere a delight the hardships of the lengthy voyage to bear.

ISABELLA—Hast thou not heard, senor, that this Colombo will not sail as he proposed? The King could make no terms with him, such as it would behoove the crown to entertain, and all negotiations now are at an end

LORENZO—Colombo will not sail! The favor of the crown refused to him! (*Enter page with St. Angel, Perez and Quintanilla—Lorenzo turns to Mercedes and they two converse in low tone, the three gentlemen just entering, bow to Queen and to Marchioness*)

ST. ANGEL—Your Majesty, it seemeth strange to thus intrude upon thy time at this unseemly hour, but urgent matters didst impel our coming.

ISABELLA—In neither of thee senors, nor in thee, Holy Father, doth I see one wont to be a beggar for himself; neither do I know aught that's needed for the crown Thou comest in the interest of another?

ST. ANGEL—Nay, your Majesty! 'Tis not in interest of ourselves, nor yet another that we come to thee, but thine own good and Spain's are boons we strive to gain. Knowest thou that Christofo Colombo, he who so long hath sought the royal favor to aid him in the finding of new worlds, art quitting Spain to seek the Court of France?

ISABELLA—Nay, senor! True, I knew it not but still the knowledge now no wonder causeth me. The Archbishop of Granada and the learned men of Salamanca, in whose hands the King did place the matter for decision, have found Colombo's terms most arrogant. Why, this chartmaker talks as though new worlds already he had found, and for their proper government he must forsooth be viceroy appointed. And, not content with this, he asks the title be perpetually vested in his descendants, and then demands an eighth of all the gold and other articles of value he may find. Senor, he treats as though a King he were already; and yet, he gets his bread by making charts!

ST. ANGEL—Your Majesty, all can not be created Kings and Queens, and royal souls are not confined to palaces It was into the nostrils of a gardener that He first breathed the breath of life, and made a living soul; and to this chartmaker, it may be, He hath given knowledge of the seas that e'en from the Salamancan council is witheld. Certain it is, my Queen, that I was with him in the council and for all objections that they urged, a ready answer quick he gave and with his wisdom and his faith did sorely puzzle all the learned doctors; and I make bold to say, but for their jealous fears and bigotry, their cordial approbation would be given to his plans. Hadst thou been with them then, my Queen, thou wouldst not be surprised that like a king, Colombo wouldst negotiate with the crown. To hear him speak and all his reasons give why he can find new lands, thoudst almost think already he had found them.

ISABELLA—Thou speakest with enthusiasm, senor, and causeth me to ponder all thy words. Dost thou then so great faith have in this Genoese? Thinkest thou he really will new lands discover?

ST. ANGEL—Even so your Majesty! So great a confidence have I in all he says, that 'tis for this I asked this audience with thee; that thou wouldst save the glory of his great discoveries for Spain. Colombo now is ready to depart for France. E'en now he may be on his way. Bid him remain in Spain and so for thee and for thy country grasp the great good which Providence hath offered thee.

ISABELLA—Senor, a faithful friend thou hast ever been to Spain and to the crown, and words like these from thy lips serious consideration doth deserve. Await me here, and with the King I will confer upon thy words. (*Goes back to where Ferdinand is writing at table, but has been listening to the conversation. St Angel converses with Marchioness, Lorenzo, Mercedes, and others*) Pardon, your Majesty, this interruption, but Senor St Angel's words do much impress me. And then, this Christofo Colombo, too: some reason must exist why he shouldst so steadfast cling to hopes that seem to be so vain! Small interest have I taken in the man before, and have, with others, thought a visionary he might be; but when a man like this St. Angel doth espouse his cause, the treasurer of the kingdom, and of a mind most practical; I fear too much we may have left for others to decide in matters of such import to the Spains. What thinkest thou?

FERDINAND—The truth to tell, my Isabella, since this Colombo hath been loitering at the court, my time and mind have been most fully occupied with state affairs and Moorish wars Merit there may be in his undertaking but Ferdinand hath neither time his purposes to study, nor gold to prosecute his plans. And even did I know new lands he'd find, the gold's not in my kingdom's coffers to supply the means

ISABELLA—I knowest thou canst ill afford to spare the gold for such an undertaking The kingdom needs it all: and yet, the while St Angel this Colombo's cause was pleading, I thought if thou didst give me thy consent, I might a way prepare, his plans to give perfection. My jewels—

FERDINAND—Thy jewels! And pray, how canst thy jewels help perfect his plans?

ISABELLA—I thought—I beg thy pardon for presuming so to say—I thought they might be sold or pledged and so assist.

FERDINAND—Thy jewels sold? And how would Isabella seem without her jewels? Woman, thou art foolish and, did I love thee less, I could with angry words give vent to my displeasure. Why, were thy jewels sold, what honor would there be paid to Isabella?

ISABELLA—Your Majesty, were honor bestowed upon your Isabella according to these baubles that she wears; then were she better to be spared from such an honor A woman's honor is such tribute as is given to her gentleness, her goodness and her virtue. Thinkest thou thine Isabella's honor is but from adornment?

FERDINAND—No, no! and yet a queen unjeweled is unknown. 'Tis due thy subjects thou shouldst be appropriately adorned.

ISABELLA—'Tis due my subjects that I should the means provide that will for them new realms discover. A queen unjewelled is no less a queen; the wife of Ferdinand no homage e'er will lack. 'Tis not the jewels in the crown of the united Spains I'll give, but those of provinces Castile and Leon; those were added by our marriage to the Spains and now one crown for our united kingdom will suffice.

FERDINAND—Canst there no limit be to thine unselfishness and to thy womanly contrivance? Thou speakest with earnestness, and since such seemeth to be thy wish, I could not say thee nay. Arrange then as thou chooseth. The king and all his subjects can with safety trust the wisdom of a queen like thee. (*Queen comes down front, while Ferdinand resumes writing*)

ISABELLA—Senor St. Angel, to one acquainted as thou art with the condition of the royal treasury, 'tis needless to explain that at this juncture, Spain could ill afford an enterprise like this to undertake; but I, the Queen, for my own crowns of Castile and Leon will do so, and will my jewels pledge to raise the necessary funds

ST. ANGEL—Well, hast thou chosen, my Queen, and much thy people will have cause to bless this day Upon thy jewels as a pledge, I the gold will furnish for the voyage; but thou the jewels still in thy possession shalt retain. The word of Isabella for their safety wouldst for many times their value still secure them. But we must haste to find Colombo and with this joyal news acquaint him.

LORENZO—My horse awaits without, all ready for his rider. A quick and willing messenger I'll to Colombo be with thy good pleasure. (*Biz Exit Lorenzo.*)

MARCHIONESS—Strange what events may happen in a little while. An hour ago the Queen and I alone sat sewing, glad enough that from disturbing questions we were free, and now with anxious hearts we wait the coming of Colombo and full of interest his plans discuss.

ST ANGEL—Ah, Lady Marchioness, and well do they deserve our interest. Think what his success would be to Spain, what glory and what riches would be hers! The Portugese have many islands of the sea discovered and why shouldst not Spain still more valuable possessions gain? Colombo knoweth much about the seas. Far out from sight of land he oft hath sailed and he will yet find greater lands than any now discovered.

ISABELLA—I fervent hope it may be so, for shouldst he fail to do so, ridicule upon the Spains will come that the queen hath entertained such dreams.

ST. ANGEL—Fear not, my Queen! Colombo will great glory bring, not ridicule, to Spain. (*Enter Page and announces*)

PAGE—Senors Lorenzo de Bobodilla and Christofo Colombo. (*Enter Lorenzo and Colombo. Exit page*)

COLOMBO—(*Saluting*) Your Majesty, senoros and senors, Senor de Bobodilla telleth me thou wouldst have speech with me.

ISABELLA—Aye, Senor Christofo Colombo, the crown hath to thy plans still more consideration given. King Ferdinand hath all his mind upon affairs at home that his attention needeth. I have thought it possible that I the means may have to aid the enterprise. Be not in haste to leave. Wait yet until the matter may have further thought.

COLOMBO—Your Majesty, for seven years I've waited at the Court of Spain; for seven years the royal favor I've implored; for seven years there's naught occurred to help sustain my courage while I waited on my sovereigns' good pleasure Your Majesty can blame me not if after all these years of inactivity, I care no further time to lose on possibilities. To France I then must hasten with all diligence, if naught be to detain me here but possibilities.

ISABELLA—'Tis truly as thou sayest, senor, but thy conditions seem so arrogant. Canst not thou in some respect make them more light?

COLOMBO—Not so, my Queen! These lands I will discover are kingdoms in themselves, and when I or them take possession, thoult find conditions I have made are none too hard. I'll read them now, if such shalt be thy wish, that thou mayst judge them for thyself, and not the Salamancan council.

ISABELLA—Proceed then, if thou wilt, senor Serious consideration shalt be given to all thy words. (*Colombo reads his manifesto, during reading, the king comes down stage*)

COLOMBO—First, then, Most Gracious Queen, thy servant, Christofo Colombo, shalt for himself, and heirs forever hold the office of High Admiral in all the seas and lands and continents he may disover, with honors too and powers like to those enjoyed by the High Admiral of Castile. Second: That of these lands he shall be viceroy and governor, and for each province shall have power to choose three governors, among whom one shalt by your Majesties be chosen. Third: Of all free profits from the products and the traffic of these lands, a tenth part to Colombo shalt be given. Fourth: In all disputed questions that between these new lands and the Spanish Kingdom shouldst in time arise, Colombo or those acting in his place shalt be sole judge and arbitor. Fifth: That to this enterprise and those in future times that will be undertook Colombo shall contribute of all costs an eighth and in return an eighth of all the profits he shall claim. These, yourMajesty, are the conditions I would make. Thinkest thou they are too arrogant?

ISABELLA—'Tis true, senor, that they seem scarce appropriate, but still I'll sign them, with the King, and trust to thee and Heaven for their fulfillment. (*Turns to Ferdinand*) Your Majesty, wilt thou first place thy signature? Senor, St. Angel then shall witness be.

FERDINAND—Since thou alone doth with thy jewels all the means to undertake the enterprise provide, shouldst thou not also alone the honor bear?

ISABELLA—Not so, your Majesty The queen shouldst follow only where the king wouldst lead. The means, it happeneth, that I can furnish, the enterprise our united effort doth demand; and, if it pleaseth thee, thy name place here.

(*Ferdinand signs—Isabella signs—St. Angel signs—King hands paper to Colombo.*)

FERDINAND—'Tis done! May Heaven's blessing on the voyage rest! And thou, Colombo, hire such men and ships as thou mayest need. Procure all needed help in thy endeavors and acquaint us with thy progress. Take thou, thyself, command of my best ship—Santa Maria, is it called—and may the blessed saint whose name it bears, protect in its shelter.

[CURTAIN.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—(*Time 23d of May* 1492, *church of St. George in Palos in front of which the Alcalde, the regidors and many inhabitants are gathered Enter Colombo, Juan Perez and a notary public who assend the porch of the church. The notary reads!*

NOTARY—Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! under authority of our soyereigns and over the royal seal it is hereby commanded, the port of Palos for misdemanar having been condemned by the royal council to serve the crown for one year with two armed caravels, that the authorities of Palos do have two vessels ready for sea within ten days after this notice, and place them and their crews at the disposal of Christofo Colombo. The crews of these vessels are to receive the ordinary wages of seamen and shall be paid four months in advance, and they shall sail in such direction as Colombo, under royal authority, shall command, and are to obey him in all things, with merely one stipulation, that neither he nor they are to touch at St. George la Mina, on the coast of Guinea, nor any of the lately discovered possessions of Portugal. No duties are to be exacted for articles furnished the vessels and all criminal processes against the person or property of individuals engaged in the expedition shall be suspended during their absence and for two months after their return. Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, and abide the will of the crown. (*Crowd begins to disperse*)

CITIZEN—What means this edict strange? Can it be the king is mad?

CITIZEN—Dost he think that any ere again would back to Palos come who on this voyage sailed? Why certain death 'twould be and none of us will go!

CITIZEN—No, not one of us. What say ye friends?

CHORUS—Not one.

CITIZEN Colombo is foolish. He will get no ships nor sailors here in Palos to go with him on his perilous cruise. No vessel yet hath ventured far from land, and none that doeth so will ere return.

2nd SAILOR—Who is this man, Colombo, who would this hazard take? I like one of his daring spirit.

1st SAILOR—Who is he? Why a mad adventurer—an Italian dreamer who, by smooth tongue hath duped our sovereigns into sanction of his dangerous folly. Come, let us away! no notice will we take of Ferdinand's behest (*Exit R*)

SCENE II.—(*The Port of Palos, with shipping in background is shoved up in front of foregoing scene.*) *Enter sailors, villagers, etc.*

SAILOR—Ah well, good friends, my soul is filled with joy at the good turn Colombo's fortune's taken. His life's dream, is about to reach fulfillment? The years of preservance and most patient waiting are now about to gain their just reward. Two vessels ordered in to the expedition by the crown have been secured, and the third one needed to complete the fleet is offered by the tradesmen who dost own it—Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brother, Vicinte Yanez.

ANOTHER SAILOR—Ha, ha! with what solemnity thou talkest of Colombo and these preparations. And thou hast consented to accompany him on his perilous sail.

SAILOR—Aye, aye, my lad, I go with him on his voyage of discovery. (*The crowd laughs, "ha, ha, ha!" and one says:*) And what if thou shouldest not discover the way back to thy home? (*The crowd laughs, "ha, ha, ha!"*)

ANOTHER SAILOR—Some token thou hadst better leave that we may show our children's children, when we tell them of our foolish friend who floated out to sea and could not float again to land.

SAILOR—Ah well, make merry my lads, as ye like, but Colombo's mission is most noble and I will sail the ocean sea with him. *Enter Philip, hurriedly*)

PHILIP—Good enough brave made, and I go with thee. But shadows gather now, so come with me. Let's bid farewell to all our friends? The armament is complete and the squadron sails at the dawn of the morrow. (*Exit All*) *The scene rolls back and discloses a tableau, "The Departure" in which the three caravels in which Columbus and his men sail, are seen to start on the voyage from the port of Palos. Villagers are gathered on the shore waving adieux, and the sailors on the departing ships are heard singing.*)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—(*Deck of the flag-ship Santa Maria, in charge of Admiral Christofo Colombo. Scene—At sea. Curtain rises showing several seamen on deck employing themselves in various ways. Colombo is seen near deck railing on starboard side of ship, looking in direction of his companion ships.*)

COLOMBO—'Tis many leagues we've sailed from Spain, and wind and wave are in our favor. Our gracious sovereigns have the fleet and seamen furnished me to aid my undertaking. What joy is mine, that after years of hope too often changed to deep despair I now the means possess new worlds to find. All goes well. And yet, with all that is within my grasp, full diligence must I still display, lest by Misfortune's hand I disappointment yet may meet. Already there are mutterings among my crew. Some few there grateful be, but others as we further sail from Spain do much complain and say the voyage is foolish, that dangers over-shadow it, and death will claim us all before new worlds be found. 'Tis useless with a discontent to reason. Some other means must I contrive their loyalty and interest to arouse (*Colombo's soliloquy is interrupted by a report of a canon fired on board the Pinta as a signal of distress. Colombo, who during his soliloquy, has left the deck railing and been walking to and fro on the deck, appears startled by report, and turns quickly and looks anxiously in direction of the Pinta.*) And are my contemplations such as these so soon to cloud with realism the firmament of bliss beneath which we but yesterday set sail. (*Turns to sailors, others having rushed on deck, and a scene of excitement being evident. From the Pinta comes the sound of a cannon shot. An answer is quickly returned and signals given to ascertain its meaning. A cannon is fired and a sailor signals with a flag.*)

A SAILOR—The Pinta waves a signal of distress, Lord Admiral. I take it that some accident has happened to her rudder as she signals us to shorten sail.

COLOMBO—So then; and when the Pinta within reasonable distance comes let the small boats, well manned, approach and ascertain the cause of her distress. (*Exit sailors, Colombo looks toward the Pinta*) Uncertain sailing indicates too true a rudder unhung and useless; here, too, in open sea without the means of making needed mending (*thoughtfully*) Can it be that this is treachery's work? Gomez Rascon and Christoval Quintera think but ill of my endeavor. Thrice did they refuse their ship, the Pinta, and but yielded her at Ferdinand's command. Perchance they think to render her disabled would be to get her back to Spain, and them with her, since folly it would prove to sail into the unknown sea with rudder broke. Were these two all, I'd little fear, but there are many more unwilling sailors, who, some from love of gain, some from ambition, many at the king's behest, have come with us. Many not so far before have been from home and friends. Loved ones they've left, and at the eventide their thoughts revert to Spain. I blame them not, but must new effort make their interest to awaken in the voyage. Perchance when Spain waters we have passed, and land we've left seems far as that before, they may be more content. (*Enter Sailor*)

SAILOR—By thy direction, Admiral, sailors have gone on board the Pinta. The cause of her distress lies in a broken rudder. Her good commander, Pinzon, gives full assurance, if we but shorten sail that she may keep well up with us. The rudder may be so secured as will avail until a port is made amid Canary Islands whither we may sail.

COLOMBO—Pinzon hath done most excellently well and to Canary Islands we will sail. Summon the pilots, Ruiz and Roldan, to my presence. Bid them bring their chart. We will our reckoning take and make all haste to find a port. (*Exit sailor*) Their charts and mine do differ We'll them compare and find the more expedient way. (*Enter pilots with charts*) The Pinta hath its rudder broken. To Canary islands we must sail that it may be restored. This chart doth show the islands in the course, we now pursue. What sayest thou concerning it? (*Comparing charts*)

ROLDAN—Lord Admiral, in reckoning of our charts, more eastward does it seem that the Canaries lie. The vessel's course needs to be changed that we may reach them.

COLOMBO—Still, let us this direction yet pursue. If, in short time, the land we do not see, then will I thy council take. 'Tis growing late; this course pursue until the morrow. (*Exit pilots Stage darkened*) Night comes again, and darkness covers all! Another day is spent, and leagues are now between us and our homes. God's blessings rest upon us all, protecting us in His eternal love. (*Exit. A bell signaling the night watch sounds. Enter sailor*)

SAILOR—Ahoy! ship ahoy! (*Sailor behind scenes answers "ahoy" others in other directions answer "ahoy." Enter other sailors*)

1st. SAILOR—Aye mates! The quarter bell hath rung. 'Tis now our time to take the watch of the night.

2nd. SAILOR—Aye, aye! True be it; but what care we for watching through a night of such delight, on calm, moon-lit seas as these, and that, too, after a day of refreshing sleep filled with dreams of the homes and loved ones we are leaving far behind us But hark, lads! (*Singing is heard behind the scenes. They answer the song, singing one verse. Sailors on board the Pinta answer, singing one verse of a good night song, during which sailors on stage lie down to to rest. As sound of the song on the Pinta dies away everything becomes quiet and scene grows darker, the object being to convey the idea that the night is passing*)

TABLEAU—"*Sunrise at Sea.*" *The scene is brightened so as to give the effect of the dawning of the day and the sun appears to rise against the horizon out of the midst of the water. The effect may be easily and most beautifully produced with a stereopticon In the meantime the sailors have become astir, and when the "sun" is almost above the water's edge, a sailor in the watchout is heard to exclaim*)

SAILOR—Ahoy, land ahead! (*Confusion and a scene of excitement follows. The sailors on deck shade their eyes with right hand and appear to be looking ahead, one joyfully exclaims:*)

SAILOR—Ahoy, land ahead! The Canary Islands come into view! (*Exit. The scene brightens into broad daylight and a panorama to give the effect of sailing along the coast of the island begins to move and the cliffs and mountains soon shut out the sun. Enter Colombo, Roldan and Philip*)

COLOMBO—So it is that once again the land appears, and here the Pinta a new rudder quickly can secure. Thou seest I gave thee right direction how to steer the ship.

ROLDAN—Thou didst and in thy calculations was most wise. 'Tis well thou didst thy judgment follow; truer hath it proved than ours

COLOMBO—Here will we cast anchor and seek what other aid we can secure. Prepare a boat that I may reach the shore. Alonzo, Pedro, Diego, come with me. Thou, Philip, wilt command the ship while I'm away. (*Exit Colombo and the three*)

PHILIP—The Admiral is gone; the ship at anchor waits. Come, mates, let's have a dance to while the hour Gomez, Pietro, dance for us. I will the music make Dance merrily and make us think we are in Spain. (*Sailors dance and sing while Philip plays mandolin*)

[CURTAIN]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—(*On board the flag ship, Santa Maria, at sea. As the curtain rises Colombo is seen standing apart from a few sailors, who are busying themselves about the deck*)

COLOMBO—'Tis now three days since we set sail from Gomera. Calm most profound hath kept our vassels loitering with flagging sails within short distance of the land; nor yet have we sailed past Canary Islands. (*Looking seaward with glass*) Far away e'en at this moment the peak of Teneriffe comes into view. (*Enter Philip*)

PHILIP—Fair day, Lord Admiral! Thou dost appear refreshed from last night's rest I hope thou feelest so.

COLOMBO—I thank thee, Philip. Much refreshed I feel, but anxiety doth prey upon me in this calm. How still the waves, and not a breath of wind to fill our sails. Since we were told at Ferro some Portugese ships were on our track, to seize our vessels and imprison us, I fear this calm. Should we o'ertaken be, small quarter wouldst be shown to us since they are jealous of this effort in behalf of Spain, and months ago their treachery have proved.

PHILIP—That's true enough, but if no wind doth fill our sails, doth not this calm extend also to theirs? Courage then take thee, Admiral, for when they sail toward us, that self-same wind will take us from their power. And then the glorious sun, that now is creeping into view, may bring fresh winds within its wake.

COLOMBO—I thank thee, Philip Thou hast shown to me how vain were my imaginings. But, hark, what are these sounds I hear, of fear and danger 'mong my crew? (*Several sailors appearing to be frightened, rush on board, Panorama begins to move. Sailors group themselves about, and converse with appearance of great fright. Panorama showing Teneriff in eruption*)

SANCHEZ—What awful thing is there; what land or sea or demon can it be?

GARCIA—'Tis unto dangers such as this Colombo leadeth us 'Tis omen that we should return to Spain. I never liked this sailing into unknown seas and this but proves we should return unto our homes.

COLOMBO—Peace, friends! 'tis but a well-known thing you view. 'Tis Teneriffe and its volcano in eruption. 'Tis thus the land is saved from earthquake and great danger. All nature gives no grander sight 'Tis true that seventeen hundred years ago, Vesuvius covered Pompeii, but all this lava in the sea doth fall and thus all harm is kept away. Still then thy fears and let thine eyes enjoy that which but seldom can be seen by men. The wind hath filled our sails, and soon we'll from these islands be away.

GARCIA—But, Admiral, we sail not in the way we wish. To Spain would we retrace our way. Ill omens hover o'er our path. First was the Pinta's rudder broke, then new sails for the Nina were we forced to make; then since thou hast set sail again three days were we becalmed I like not this volcanic country, and would to Spain return.

COLOMBO—Thou dost forget thy promise to pursue this voyage. Thine oath is given, and shouldst thou be returned to Spain, thou wouldst have broke thy word. A compact have we made to keep our way and so it must be kept.

GARCIA—My oath 'tis true I gave; I, with my fellows here, but how? 'Twas by the king's command, and not of my free will Who would expect to keep an oath that was compelled by force?

COLOMBO—Still the voyage must be pursued. Thou dost remember, men, our compact with the king, and now I'll tell thee of the one he made with me. Strange lands, I know by study deep, lie unto the westward. These, when we

have reached them, must be won for Spain. The king and our most gracious queen have pledged their royal word that of these lands and all the continents I may discover, I shall perpetual viceroy and governor be. In these new lands, toward which we sail, much riches doth exist. Rare gems and gold in quantities. Most noble forests of the rarest woods are seen, and fruits and game are in abundance. When we this land have reached, and all these riches have secured, what joy, renown and power will be ours! Think not we yet can go to Spain. New lands, new climes, new riches and new honors lie before us. We'll them pursue, and when our children's children shall recount our deeds, they'll find their greatest treasure in our courage. Get thee now to thy various tasks and keep close watch for sight of land. Thou, Philip needest rest, since from the midnight hour the watch thoust kept. Sleep and refresh thy soul.

PHILIP—Thou speakest true Lord Admiral. Well worn with loss of sleep am I and rest will take, and yet in fear that I first sight of land may lose, with thy consent, here on the vessel's deck I'll sleep—aye sleep and dream of Spain. (*Sits down. Colombo enters poop of vessel, and surveys the sea. Sailors disport themselves about deck.*) And yet, not so heavy are my lids. Some innermost feeling telleth me this sailing soon must end and land be reached My soul's possessed of wakefulness and sleep flees from me. But what matters it, since whether wake or sleeping I dream only of her in whose tender keeping my heart was left in Palos. But close at hand is the mandolin—the same whose notes she oft hath listened to. (*Takes up mandolin and strikes chord.*) 'Twill help to pass the time away. (*Begins and plays a melody, the notes gradually growing softer until they finally cease and Philip falls asleep with mandolin in his lap. Tableau. "The sailor's dream of Spain." An opening in the scene discloses Leon, upon whom shines a bright light. Immediately upon becoming visible, she begins and sings an "Ave Maria."*)

[CURTAIN.]

ACT V.

SCENE I—(*Scene on deck of Santa Maria—Sailors in groups. Colombo speaks in soliloquy*)

COLOMBO—Another day is passing and still no land in sight! From day to day my crew more restless and less satisfied do grow. Naught to be seen but barren wastes of waters, and yestere'en my compass to the North Star failed to point. Strange waters these; as still as lakes, and yet with wind above that doth our vessels quickly move along. But that I know my Father safely leads, my courage long ago had died. I still will hope and trust. He who hath to this work appointed me, will surely lead me safely on. (*Enter Ruiz and Roldan*)

ROLDAN—Lord Admiral, a thing most strange and dreadful has occurred. The needle to the North Star fails to point, and in this trackless ocean sea we have no means to guide the ship. Woe, woe is ours. Away from Spain, hundreds of leagues, and naught to guide us home.

COLOMBO—Friends, still thy fears. The needle's change, I noticed yestere'en. It portends naught of harm to us, but rather makes our certainty the stronger concerning these new lands we seek. 'Tis not the needle varies, but 'tis the star itself. As well thou knowest, I long have watched the heavens, and in company with learned men, believe this world is round. All this stupendous system, earth, water, stars, around the North pole doth revolve, and this North Star doth make its revolutions with the rest. 'Tis not the needle nor the pole that's changed. Its guidance still we'll follow until it leads us to the land we seek.

ROLDAN—Thou speakest as if thou certainly didst know, but little doth it comfort us so far away from home. Yet thy direction still we'll follow, since naught else there is left for us to do. False guide can scarce more dangerous be than that we have no guide at all, but much I fear since this misfortune hath o'ertaken us.

RUIZ—It is as my companion sayeth. No choice is left us now but still to follow and to hope. (*Ruiz and Roldan leave stage*)

GARCIA.—(*Who has been listening comes forward and addresses Colombo*)

Lord Admiral, I hope thou art at last convinced of the unwisdom of this voyage we make. I said no good would come of it and I was right. Before we further drift away without a guide, thou shouldst the vessel's course change toward Spain.

SAILORS—Aye, aye, to Spain!

GARCIA—Thou seest, Admiral, the temper of us all. To Spain we will return, and thou no further shalt delay.

SAILOR—To Spain! To Spain!

COLOMBO—To Spain we'll not return until I so command. In Ferdinand's and Isabella's names, I, on this vessel will be master. Stand back ye all, get to your tasks. Ye men with women's hearts were better to have stayed in Spain and not have come upon a voyage like this; but since thoust come with me the way thou wilt pursue until the end. (*Colombo goes to side of ship and looks anxiously over the water*)

GARCIA—Colombo, surely must have lost his reason to still pursue a journey like to this. I'll have no more of it for me, but will my utmost effort use to get these sailors to return to Spain.

COLOMBO—(*Comes hurriedly near the front of the stage*) Friends, I bid thee take new courage 'Tis true no land have I beheld, but in the air some birds toward our ship seem flying. As I looked over in the water, round our ship some fish I saw like those that play in Spainish waters near the shore. 'Tis in this latitude Cipango lies and land we soon shall see. Keep steady watch ahead and to this do I pledge my word: besides rewards and honors offered by our sovereigns to him who first the land discovers, a velvet doublet will I give him. (*Birds are seen to light upon the rigging of the ship—seeing this the sailors cheer and rushing where they light, catch them in their hands and exhibit them to each other with gestures and exclamations of delight*)

COLOMBO—Thou seest I did speak truly when I told thee of the birds. These birds are never seen a distance great away from land. Let then thy courage be renewed. All indications point to quick fruition of our hopes. (*Colombo ascends poop of vessel*)

GARCIA—Colombo speaketh with much confidence, but birds fly often far from land, and have done so this time. This foolish voyage appears to me will never end and weary am I of it.

SAILOR—(*Bringing branch of bush with berries on it from over the ship's side*) Dost see, complainer, what the waves have borne to me? These berries surely did not grow in ocean depths. The very smell of earth is on them. Colombo must be right, and land we now shall see again.

GARCIA—Aye, and what if we do so? A stranger's land, by savage men inhabited! Spain is the land I wish to see; none other will content bring to my heart. But I'll to sleep; you that believe what this Colombo says, can watch keep with him for the land and tired enough I'll warrant all of you will be before its soil your feet will press. (*Exit into vessel hold, other sailors disposing themselves in different parts of ship, looking out for land*)

COLOMBO—Such evidence of the vicinity of land as has this day been shown, doth fill my soul with strange emotions, which banish every thought of sleep this night. My soul is filled with tumult most intense. I feel as though at last, in spite of every danger that surrounds, my mission is about to be accomplished; the great and mighty mystery of the ocean about to be revealed and that my theory, which has been the scoff of sages, will yet prove true. E'en at this moment as I peer out on the sea me-thinks a light I see gleam in the distance. (*shows excitement*) Can it be so? Or does imagination mock my sight? Now, 'tis disappeared. (*Looking anxiously ahead*) Mayhap 'twas but the phosphorus on the water, caused by a dolphin in its sport. But no; 'tis there again. I can not now mistake. Pedro! Pedro! hither, quickly come!

PEDRO—Aye, aye, Admiral! What wouldst thou?

COLOMBO—Pedro, behold! (*pointing ahead*) Dost thou see in the distance far, a flickering light? Dost not thou see it move as though 'twere carried by the hand of man? Dost see!

PEDRO—As sure as stars shine in the heavens, I see a light. It is land, land at last!

COLOMBO—Hist! quiet be until we are more certain. Call hither Roderigo Sanchez. (*Pedro rushes off and returns in a moment with Sanchez*) Sanchez, seest thou a light ahead?

SANCHEZ—(*Looking*) Surely, Lord Admiral, I did, but now I see it not.

COLOMBO—But still we three have seen it. It must be we are near to land and that upon it man doth dwell Order the men to take in sail and signal make the Pinta and the Nina to lay to until morning dawns. Bid all the sailors come on deck. (*Colombo descends from poop and comes forward, by which time the deck is filed with sailors. Addressing them*) Friends, 'tis joyful news I have for you this night. Pedro, Sanchez and I have seen a light borne by the hand of man upon some land near by. Too close are we to further sail to-night, but early on the morrow, we will reach its shore. We can not now mistaken be, and at the morning's dawn, small boats w'ell enter and our voyage continue till we the men, who bore the flickering light, shall find. 'Tis time our evening prayer were said. In place of supplication on this eve, our thanks we'll give. A Gloria in Excelsis Deo it shall be. (*All Sing As the singing progresses the stage is darkened gradually. Colombo decends into the hull of the vessel. By this time a panorama to represent passing scenery begins to move: At the instant that the panorama begins to move the ship also begins to move slowly off the stage. As the ship disappears heavy darkness should cover the stage, during which, scenes to represent the island of San Salvador (ocean r, land, trees l) should be shoved up. The lights are then turned on showing the new scenery and a number of Indians, who appear by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Enter Colombo and companions in small boats Colombo advances from the water's edge, and, bending toward the audience, kisses the earth. Rising immediately, he grasps the Spanish standard and plants it in the soil, saying:*)

COLOMBO—In the name of the Spains, and by authority of our gracious sovereigns, I take possession of this land and call its name San Salvador. (*Then kneeling quickly, the sailors grouping themselves in an attitude of prayer, he continues*) Our Father, we give thanks to Thee. Thou hast brought us safely to this land. O'er trackless seas, Thou guidedst us, when e'en our needle did forsake its star. Through dangers that beset, Thou didst protect us with Thy sheltering arm. Be Thou still our guide This land we dedicate to Thee, and in the years to come, spread Thou the light of Thy religion o'er it. (*Indians are seen on all sides gazing in amazement at the Spaniards. Colombo and Spaniards arise and look about them seeming much surprised at the natives who draw nearer, with exclamations of wonder*)

GARCIA—Most worthy Admiral, I would thy pardon seek. I, and my companions here. Small faith had we that thou wouldst land discover. Wrong we own ourselves, and thy forgiveness earnestly doth wish.

SAILOR—Aye, aye, forgiveness we all ask!

COLOMBO—'Twas granted, friends, before thou askedst it. Well didst I understand thy fears. 'Twere almost more than human hadst thou blindly followed me when all seemed to forsake us on our way. No more we'll think on what is past, but faithful in the future time we'll be unto our trust. Here on this lovely isle Spain's new domain we will establish. The true religion here will o'er these heathen spread its gentle sway. I now will seek, by signs, communication with these people strange, to reach. But ere I seek now allies to obtain, new friends to win, and loyal subjects for Spain's sovereigns to secure, thou, Senor Pinzon and thy brother, Yanez, here, shouldst from my lips, learn of the gratitude that dwelleth in my heart, for all that those so faithfully for me, for Spain, and for thy conscience's sake hath done. Renew then friends thy courage all. The Father who hast guided us to haven like to this, will not forsake us now, but give us, rather, strength our duties to perform for Spain.

[CURTAIN]

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